

IVY LEAVES*



* A REFERENCE GUIDE TO THE STUDENTS OF
ANDERSON COLLEGE ON THE SURVIVAL OF ART

ART OFFICIAL RESPIRATION

Before starting any kind of artistic endeavors make sure you are clear of any of distractions. Keep all senses open to any creative ideas that may come your way.

See **FIGURE 1. A**

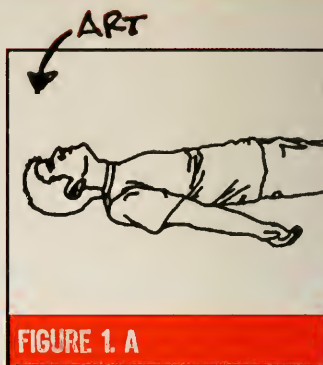


FIGURE 1. A

Look, listen, and feel. Look at the culture around you, to insure you stay relevant. Listen to what is inside you and determine what you are trying to say. Feel around and begin to get a sense of what you have to work with.

See **FIGURE 1. B**

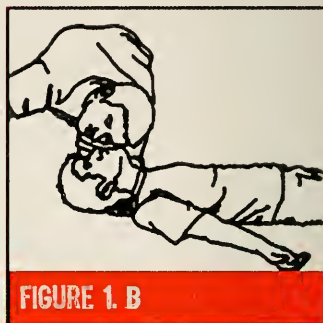


FIGURE 1. B

Begin breathing life into your work. Remember to be sure not to force or over work anything. Let it flow naturally. Soon it will be able to breath on its own. Once this happens, step back and examine what you've created.

See **FIGURE 1. C**

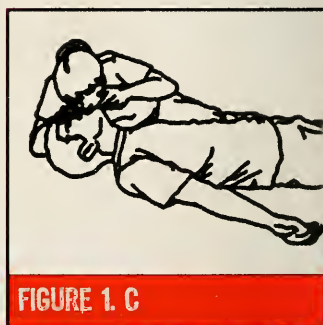


FIGURE 1. C

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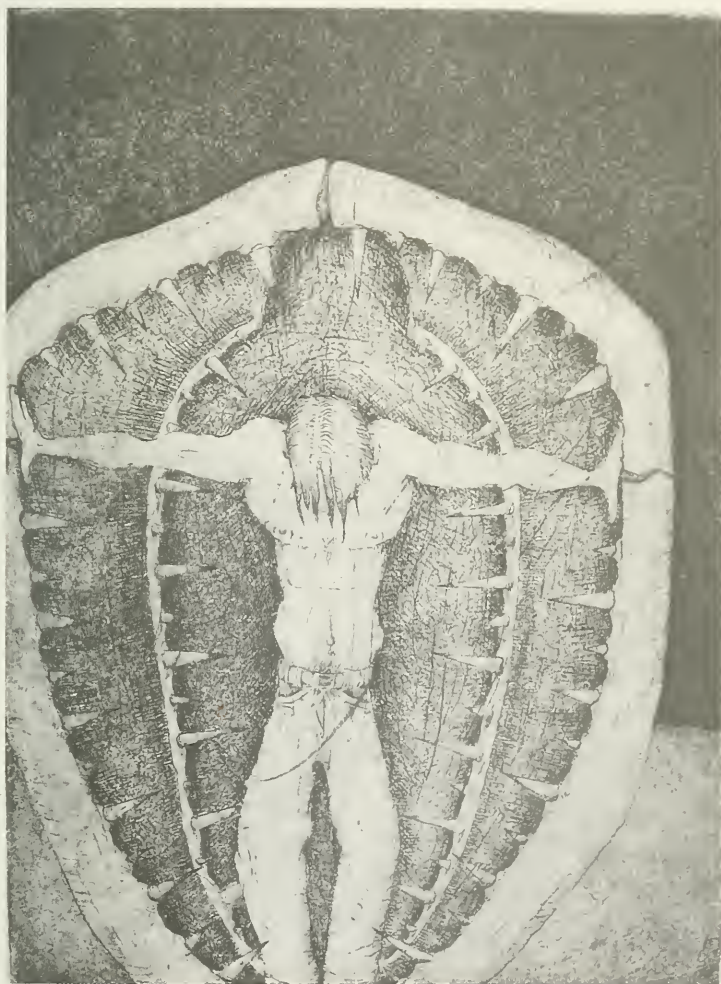
Jonathan Tribble
Level One
2' x 6 1/2'
Oil on Wood

What If?

In a rain puddle,
the world is upside down.
What if you could go into a puddle,
and look at the world?
Would you have to stand on your head?
That would make the sky upside down and
the world down side up, and
you wouldn't know where to go,
 or how to go—and
the world would be resting
on your head, and
the sky would always be at your feet—
and you would have to wear a helmet, and
your shoes would always be shining,
and you wouldn't know what to do
with your hands,
with the world always on your head—

and,
if the puddle dried up,
your dog would bark at you and
people would stare,
and wonder why you were standing
on your head
in the middle of the street.

Margaret Hayes



Brian Irving
Faced with a Fear
5 ³/₄" x 8"
Intaglio Print

Daydream

I had a dream while waking . . .

You were there . . .
dark eyes,
black hair

I stretched out my hand to touch your face,
and sweet elation,
I DID

Mumbling something,
I then turned
and fell effortlessly
from the spot where I'd loved you

Strange; having a dream while waking

Wesley Ramey



Kari Pettit
Untitled
5" x 7"

Black and White Photograph with Ink

Bonfire

Flame blasts from a bonfire in the dark,
Awaiting innocent souls as it grows.
A cinnamon, pumpkin powder erupts with each spark,
Enchanting hungry children as it creeps through every nose.
Two cauldrons sizzle with a magic potion of sweets
Poured into the fire to create the tantalizing smell.
Trailing forth, the visitors hope to find a treat
Unaware that they are under a spell.
A tall lurking tree is a witch disguised,
The protruding branch, her pointing arm.
Turning youngsters into pumpkins while they stand hypnotized,
She burns with a passion to avenge through harm.
At midnight, she prepares her feast as she throws
Into the fire the pumpkins, the offspring of her foes.

Ashley Posley



Matt Mantooth
Like Father, Like Son
42" x 36"
Acrylic on Canvas

Seventeen Magazine clippings

In the center,
of Claire's purple journal,
a Secrets logo is pasted between
a handsome Structure stud
and a stylish Express chick.

Circling the model duo,
like the outer ring of a Target,
is the Pink glittery Hallmark
Claire loves Sean Jean for Eternity
with scratches as thick as a Briar Patch
through Tommy's name.

Limited overlaps
a glossy one-dimensional bottle of Dream,
and a pair of Wrangler Jeans
straddle Unique Expressions.

Gap ads fill the empty spaces.

Jill Morris

Slums

Dreaming of Thailand at two in the morning,
I tossed and turned beneath the sheet
Yet didn't recognize the scene until I felt
The suffocating heat.

And there you stood, with your bloodstained shirt
And dangling from your wrist, sterile gauze.
I reached out my hand to fix it, but
You backed away.

I read the solemn stare you gave me, with its
Bitter questioning. You craved essentials, not hospitality.
Words in broken English fell clumsily
From your mouth.

I tried desperately to decode the message.
Frustrated, you turned aside. So, I quietly
Left the rice and water by your cardboard home
And turned to walk away.

You followed me down the dirt path.
We walked in silence, until I stepped up
Into the rickety bus. I waved good-bye, and
Shed a tear.

I still hear your muttered voice. I thought
I left you in the slums, but you've come back
To haunt me as I lay awake with guilt, here
Alone in the moonlight.

Shannon Griffin



Matt Mantooth
Poppy
40" x 28"
Oil on Canvas

Discarded

The sun's arms are not long enough
To shroud their bodies
Twelve tiny panes with flames
Snuffed out by her drawing shelf

They've been in love for forty-six hours
He loves her dark rooms
Black paint splattered lazily
Weak in some areas and thicker in others

She feels his mouth leaving
Tiny chill bumps on her frail shoulders
She sees this morning's breakfast ingredients
Still in the buckets

His whisper smells of apples
Remnants of the fallen ones
Too enticing not to keep
Ripening into rich rusts and yellows

At first they picked in leisure
Luscious cranberries—but then
Their greedy fingers pulled leaves
Both now bathing in the sun

Never one for cooking
She prefers the midst of her garden
Stealing the frozen earth's gifts
Reserving hers for moments like this

She'll be bored by hour fifty-two
And she'll lick the juices
All that will remain of him
Off her fingers stained pink

Starla R. Wilson

A Little Girl's Grace

Our weary van slowed to a stop
As we pulled in front of the house.
Excitement pounded inside my chest
While I twitched and fluttered about.
Like a newborn colt, all arms and legs,
I tumbled out of the car.
And proceeded to gleefully roll about
In the grass of my new front yard.

Then I sprang to my feet, brushed myself off,
And sprinted for the open door.
Then with an expectant leap from the porch,
I found myself . . . back on the floor . . .
Confused, my stinging eyes teared up—
A result of my newly smashed face—
And the smudge of my nose on the clean glass storm door
Bore the last testament of my grace.

Lori Hughes

Digging

His family men took turns digging
under the shade of the Iroko tree.
They cursed when the shovels
bruised their palms, the soft skin
giving way to rough calluses
as the loose dirt became dark
and thick. They dug, heaving earth
over their shoulders in rhythm.
The sun's glare on their backs
and the sweat stinging their eyes
reminded them that they were men.
He had been a man like them,
until his bronzed shoulders and his
ridged palms could dig no longer.
He had been a man like them,
until his brown heart began to beat
to the rhythm of the brown earth.
They buried him under the Iroko.
The women dressed him in a kaftan
and slippers. He wanted nothing more.
The women, in tears, hummed to the slow,
somber drumbeat. The men, dry-eyed,
lowered the coffin into the ground
they had dug. The scrape of shovels,
the thud of earth on stained wood,
reminded them that they were men.

Adaobi N. Ezeokoli

Golden rings sit proud
On strong green poles held above
The ground, sunflowers.

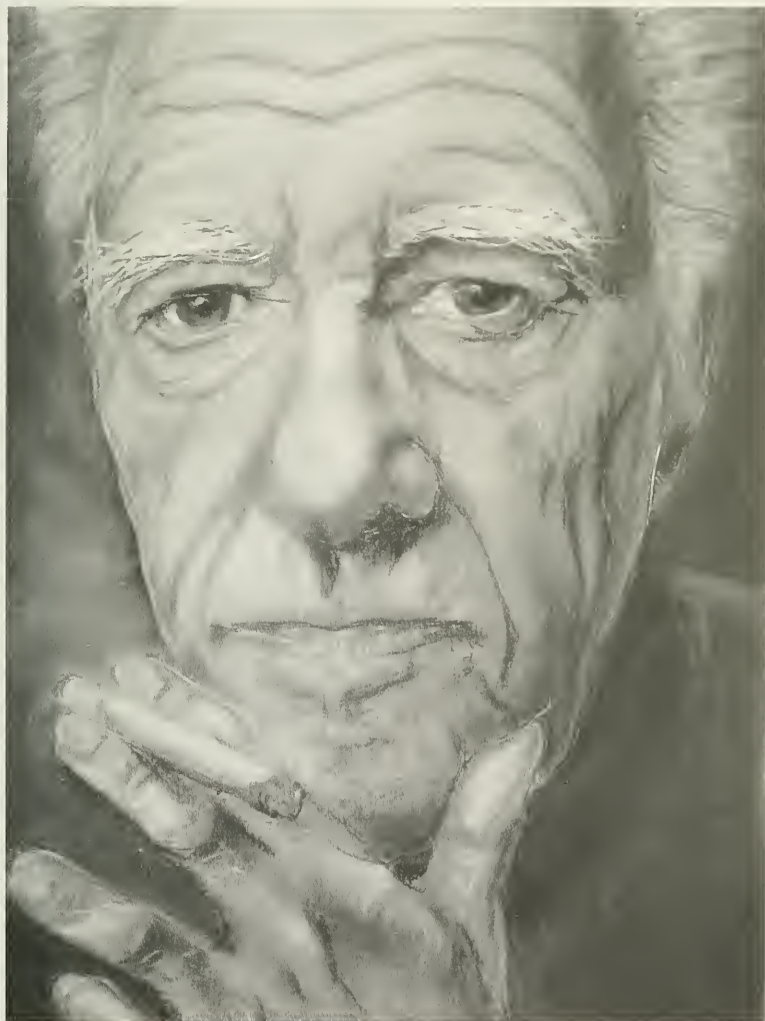
Tennille Owens

The Black Snake

We were not friends, yet
I feel a little sad
seeing him lying in the middle
of the street,
the thick black rope of his body
laid open by the fatal blow,
the raw red flesh glistening
in the sun.

Innocent of the curse
of crossing the street,
he coils as best he can
and in one last effort,
holds his head high,
as defiant of death now,
as he was
in the
Garden.

Margaret Hayes

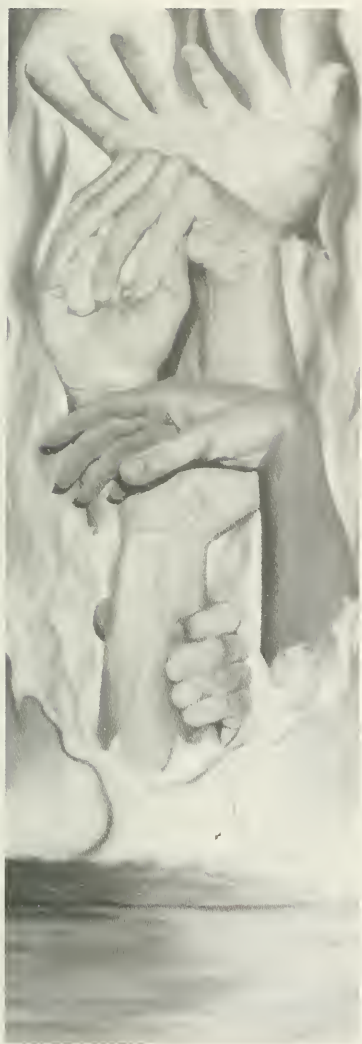


Kamila Bobrova
Blue Color Study #3
15" x 19"
Pastel on Paper

Epitaph of a Station Owner

I can only hope that you all
Will find what truth you can.
But my fear is you never will,
So I must inform you.
Ralph Jones set me on fire,
And he did it because
He thought I was running
Around with his wife.
But what they won't tell you
Is that I put myself out
In a puddle of mud,
And Ralph set me on fire again.
His eyes were wide with anger,
And he kept throwing gas
All over the place.
There was no reasoning with him.
I tried to tell him that Edna
Was the one who kept
Hanging around my station.
She kept coming by asking me
To pump her gas,
But her tank was always full.
She started whispering in my ear,
And saying Ralph couldn't satisfy her.
Then one day I'd had enough.
And that was the day
Edna tore the shoulder of her dress
And told Ralph I attacked her.
But you all will probably never know
Any of that because it's the truth.
I'd rather burn on earth, than in Hell
With Ralph and Edna.

Tennille Owens



Lauren Leggett
Four Hearts
18" x 52"
Oil on Canvas

Alvaro and Christina

Bright blue, threaded with light blond stitches,
The door stands out.
Deep cuts furrowed by sharp claws,
Its frame weathered by time and feeble hands
As if the pain were tired, imparted, absorbed.

Grayed out, lying useless as the trembling hands
That once clutched them, the tools are subdued.
Dust gathers here, in cobwebs at home
Among the bristles of a skeletal broom.

Never rich, but thriving,
What once dwelt here remains.
And it falls across you, independent and beautiful,
As you enter, the way the light falls on that
Blue door.

Amanda Burgess



Kamila Bobrova
Purple Color Study #1
15" x 19"
Pastel on Paper



Becky Bradstreet
Untitled
4" x 3"
Photograph

The Kite

The wind picks up and I begin to run,
A swirl of primary colors flailing behind,
A tortured, dragged dog.
Finally! In the air, whipping its snake head,
Each color strikes at the taunting clouds,
The venom uniting yellow and blue.
My knuckles whiten as the twine slips
From side to side on the spool,
A dull knife rubbing into flesh.
This—an unadmirable attempt at escape.
Suddenly, it stands erect before the sky,
One last plea for mercy!
God doesn't grant it. Neither do I.
The wild air beats, making me squint.
With a great heave I rein it in,
Carefully though, so as not to break
Its spirit for the next great wind.

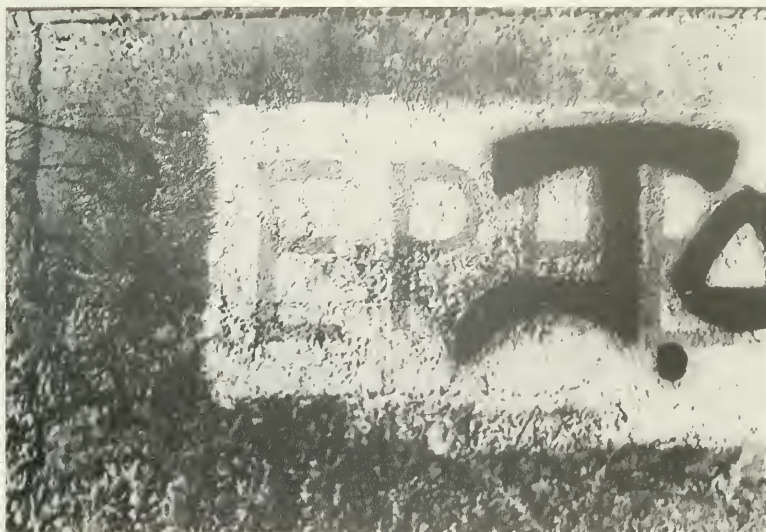
Marissa Sullivan

Lele girls

She sits under the udala tree,
legs crossed, eyes closed.
The rhythm of the drum crier's
hands on taut goat skin pulls her.
Mama braids her coarse dark hair
and talks about a day long ago
when her own hair was braided
under the same tree.
Seven girls sit behind her,
crushing green leaves that
produce a red dye called lele.
With it they paint their palms,
their feet, their navels.
Tonight the men will smile
when they dance, jigida beads
around their waists, their ankles.
Her feet, her palms, the grooves
of her braids are also painted
in lele. Tonight she does not
dance with jigida beads around
her waist, her ankles.
She lies on the raffia mat,
legs crossed, eyes closed.
the rhythm of lele girls' feet
on moonlit sand soothes away
the wave of pain between her legs.

She is a woman now.

Adaobi N. Ezeokoli



Adam Lynch
Urban Remedy
4" x 6"
Photograph

When The Time Comes

When the time comes,
When it brings me home,
When I won't need
Anything at all,
When my eyes are still
And don't cry no more—
That is when I will
Be a part of storm.
I will roam in sky,
I will ride the wind,
I will soar to sun
On wide spread wings.
And beneath the clouds,
Right across the sea,
We will fly together.
Only wind and me.

Kamila Bobrova



Shelly Sawyer
Minature Tea Set
Clay



Alicia Marquez
Psalm 18
40" x 32"
Acrylic on Canvas

L'etranger

Her soft, fair hands place my mocha latte
on the caramel-hued coffee table.
Memories unfurl in the rising steam—
Your rough-hewn hands, crevassed,
stained, a map of your manual past.
Hands that, in thought, you would run through
dreads rolled thick like Cuban cigars.
Those callused hands, warmed by the kitchen fire,
spun ancient tales out of the night sky.
Now and then you would pause to take
sips of black coffee laced with rum.
Under the moon's watch, those hands would
lift me up slowly, play with my ebony curls,
my eyes tracing fire sparks to the stars.
At the cock's crow, my eyes heavy,
those hands, now earthed, brought me
café-crème and hot croissants.

In the window, I catch my reflection—
The thin braids, the mocha face,
the black irises; my hands wrapped
around the empty coffee cup.
I should not be here.

Adaobi N. Ezeokoli

the Golden Calf

the Golden Calf sings on broadway,
drinks from the chalice of the stars,
speaks with Aristotelian wit,
fairy dust in his eyes,

melt him into another dream
a cure, a remedy
(he will fix you)
and never disappear:

enamored vision—
passion, greed, lust—
for the unknown,
he huddles inside
Us
All.

Maghan Lusk

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Shelly Sawyer

Emerald Shumer

Jonathan Tribble



Art, whether it be literature, drama, dance, music, or the visual arts can be found in every culture, in every period of time. It is essential in the survival of any people group. The art is what keeps it alive. One could even argue that it even applies on a more personal level, and without art there is no life. In this realization we see the importance of the situation at hand.

COVER DESIGN

Matthew Mantooth

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Matthew Tolbert

WE MUST KEEP ART ALIVE, BECAUSE IT KEEPS US ALIVE.

